

[Pitching a Tent](#) by [Luddleston](#)

Category: Final Fantasy XV

Genre: Anal Sex, Dirty Talk, Established Gladio/Ignis/Noctis, Established Relationship, Fluff and Smut, Foursome - M/M/M/M, Getting Together, Hand Jobs, Intercrural Sex, Kissing, M/M, Multiple Orgasms, OT4, Oral Sex, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Tent Sex

Language: English

Characters: Gladiolus Amicitia, Ignis Scientia, Noctis Lucis Caelum, Prompto Argentum

Relationships: Gladiolus Amicitia/Prompto Argentum/Noctis Lucis Caelum/Ignis Scientia

Status: Completed

Published: 2020-08-15

Updated: 2020-08-15

Packaged: 2022-12-19 11:02:12

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 9,921

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Prompto is reaaaalll tired of camping. All it ever leads to are bug bites everywhere, sore backs, and a distinct feeling of grime under his fingernails that he can't quite get rid of.

Except this time, camping leads to whispered confessions and mind-melting kisses and *way* more than Prompto's ever done in bed before.

Uh, okay, maybe he can be chill with camping if he ends up in the middle of a sexy dude sandwich every time.

Pitching a Tent

Author's Note:

Hi yes I would like to report the FFXV discord is full of enablers and I love it.

Also FOURSOMES ARE HARD TO WRITE. THERE ARE SO MANY BOYS. WE'RE FULL UP ON DUDES HERE.

Prompto was exactly zero percent surprised when Gladio said, "hey, why don't we camp tonight?"

"Dude. No!" He sat up in his car seat, turning around to tell Gladio straight to his face. "Are you kidding me? Last time we camped, I woke up with a bug in my hair. A BUG! In my HAIR!"

Noct raised a hand in solidarity. "I got a mosquito bite on my ass. I don't know how that happened, and I never want it to happen again."

"You're wimps," Gladio said, opening his book again, which was usually a good way to end a conversation, when Prompto was not so deeply invested in making sure they did *not* go camping that night.

"Ignis!" he said, because there was no way Ignis preferred camping. "Tell Gladio we're going to a motel tonight!"

It would've worked. Prompto was sure of it. It *would* have worked if Ignis didn't have to be so damn practical about everything.

Unfortunately, Ignis was Ignis.

"The nearest motel is still quite a distance away," he noted, "we wouldn't reach it before nightfall. The nearest haven, however, is only about a mile from here." And okay, yeah, Prompto couldn't fault him for wanting to get inside before sunset. Especially after they'd spent all last night fighting daemons.

Prompto slumped down in his seat, resigning himself to an evening of being squished in the tent with Noct flopped halfway on top of him. He wouldn't normally mind that last bit, but Noct was hot, and Prompto was super terrified of someday waking up with a boner and Noct immediately noticing said boner. "Are you *serious*?" he whined, because he wasn't allowing this to continue without at least a *little* more theatrics. "I miss beds."

"As do we all," Ignis said, with a languishing sort of sigh.

Honestly, Prompto wasn't sure how Ignis was still awake enough to drive straight. Must've been all the coffee. And the nap he'd taken earlier, in the interim when Noct was driving. Prompto, as Noct's co-pilot and best friend, was in charge of staying up while he was driving to ensure that Noct didn't fall asleep at the wheel. And during his time as navigator, he'd stolen a couple of looks in the backseat to watch Ignis snoozing with his head lolling onto his shoulder, his glasses safely in their case and his hair falling loose from its usual styled perfection.

He was weirdly cute, and Prompto wasn't telling him that in a million years.

They pulled up to the haven just as the sun started to set, so Prompto pulled out his camera to take advantage of the golden hour. Everybody looked good in this kind of lighting, warm and syrupy, highlighting every feature, but his traveling companions looked drop-dead gorgeous all the time, so the evening light was even more effective on them. He grinned as he got a shot of Noct that he just *knew* was gonna look like it belonged in a gallery.

"Hey. Quit snapping pictures and help set up," Gladio said, shoulder-checking Prompto as he walked past carrying an armload of their camping gear.

"Only if you pose for me," Prompto said, kind of a gamble, depending on what mood Gladio was in.

Camping apparently had him in high spirits, though, because he turned and stared directly at the camera, head tilted, running one hand through his hair in a way that made his arms look even more defined than usual. Prompto was almost too slow to catch the *absolute smolder* Gladio gave him, holy

shit, but he couldn't blame himself. He continued taking pictures, catching the grin that crept onto Gladio's face and then the roll of his eyes as he reached forward and grabbed Prompto's left wrist so he'd stop pressing the shutter button.

"Hey. What'd I say?" he said, and Prompto sighed, replacing his lens cap and letting the camera hang from the strap around his neck.

"Alright, yeah, I blame you for looking ridiculously sexy all the time. Uh. I mean. Yeah."

"Yeah?" There was a brightness to his voice like he may have been laughing at Prompto a little bit.

"Shut up, let me concentrate on setting this on fire," Prompto said, setting his camera aside and sitting with his back to Gladio as he took up his usual task of preparing the campfire while Ignis unpacked their cooking supplies.

"Hey Prompto, you know you're blushing, right?" Gladio continued to tease.

"You can't see my face!" Prompto argued, refusing to turn around and prove Gladio right. He definitely was, and he hadn't even gotten the tinder to catch, so he couldn't blame the heat of the fire. Maybe he could say he was getting sunburned.

Gladio's voice sounded like it was a little closer. "Yeah, no, I can't," he said, and Prompto got the feeling Gladio was standing right behind him. He stared resolutely ahead, flicking the lighter on. "But you *do* know the back of your neck turns red too, don't you?"

Prompto was sure his face (and the back of his neck) were going even redder. "Go put the tent up!"

Camping was gonna be the end of him. For real.

Noct had done a minimum amount of unpacking before running down the trail to a nearby fishing spot, yelling about how, "I'll get us something for

dinner, okay!" as though he wasn't just looking for an excuse to fit his favorite hobby into his day (granted, Prompto had been doing the same thing). Honestly, Prompto was just glad Noct had headed off before Gladio started flirting, because the last time that had happened, Noct had *joined in*, and Prompto was seriously going to kill them if they kept messing with him like that. As if his crush(es) couldn't get any worse.

Ignis was in front of him, unpacking their cooking supplies, which nobody else was allowed to touch because Ignis was particular about his organizational system, and the rest of them (except *maybe* Gladio?) couldn't organize anything to save their lives. Ignis had it down to a science, which meant he didn't even have to pause to ask, "are you quite alright, Prompto?"

"Oh, I'm good!" Prompto said, which was partially true, because the fire had caught just fine and he was easily fanning it into something that would be strong enough to cook over, but not like, a whole bonfire. "It'd be nice if Gladio would stop teasing me, though."

Ignis rolled his sleeves up to his elbows with neat, practiced movements and Prompto was left wondering why the hell that was hot. Forearms weren't supposed to be sexy. "It *would* be nice if one of them could learn to express affection in a manner other than that of an emotionally undeveloped schoolboy."

"Express... oh, no, man, he's just making fun of me, he's gotta be," Prompto said. "I mean, he likes me, but not like *that*, obviously."

Prompto wasn't watching Ignis's face too closely, but he thought he caught a hint of a frown. "Obviously?"

"Well, yeah! Dude! He's your... I mean, you two are, like. Y'know." Prompto couldn't quite determine how to describe that time he'd seen Ignis pushing Gladio into the wall and kissing him like he *knew* the motel's bathroom door didn't shut all the way unless you wedged it closed with something. Like he was *trying* to put on a show. "...Your boyfriend?" he finally came to, even though it didn't feel quite right. Honestly, for as long as he'd known his three closest friends, he'd been trying to parse exactly what their relationship was and how it changed steadily over the years.

Ignis nodded. "You could call it that," he said, as though you could also call it something *else*, but Ignis didn't clarify.

It was almost like he wanted Prompto to ask. If this was some kind of weird trap, Prompto was falling right into it. "So... you know, him and me... he doesn't mean it."

"I'm of a mind that romantic entanglements need not be limited to a pair," Ignis said, which was a very smooth way of making Prompto pretty damn sure that 'joke' about Ignis taking Noct's virginity might *not have been a joke at all holy shit*.

He would've wallowed in that revelation a little bit longer if he wasn't hit in the head with a fish right about then.

"Oops, didn't mean to get that so close to your face."

"Noct!" he screeched, scrubbing at the fish-slime-gunk that was definitely all over his face.

"I—sorry, Prompto, I just wanted to show you—"

"I don't wanna see it until it's on a plate!" He was guessing the fish looked like all the other fish Noct caught, anyway. Yep. Gray and scaly and fishlike. Prompto appreciated fish about as much as Noct appreciated good framing of a photo, which left them to bond over their other interests.

Such as: playing King's Knight until Ignis finished dinner.

Usually, camping resulted in the four of them sitting around the fire, talking about whatever dumb shit there was to talk about, until Noct nearly fell asleep sitting up and Ignis made the totally unrelated decision to bank the fire.

Tonight was a little different.

"Wanna see what I managed to buy off those hunters?" Gladio asked, sliding a mostly-full glass bottle out of his bag and holding it aloft like a

trophy. Prompto wasn't sure what was in it, but it was definitely some kind of alcohol.

"Oh, dear," Ignis sighed. He snatched the bottle and observed the contents. "This looks terrible." Despite his misgivings, he opened it to take a drink. Prompto didn't think he'd ever seen Ignis make that face, and he'd wished he'd gotten a picture. "It is terrible."

"Give it," Noct said, stretching out a hand, but Gladio snatched the bottle before Ignis could pass it over.

Gladio took a much longer drink than Ignis had, and it didn't make him cough but it did make him clear his throat loudly. "Yeah, shit, that is pretty bad. Should've gotten them to give it to me for cheaper."

"*Gladio*," Noct complained, and Gladio threw (literally threw, which seemed like a bad idea near a campfire, just sayin') the bottle at him. Noct caught it without issue, screwing the top off, and Prompto tried not to focus on the shape of his lips around the rim as he drank. He shuddered, and wiped his mouth off with the back of his hand. "Ugh. Do we not have anything to put in this to make it not taste like floor cleaner?"

"Pretty sure all we have is Ebony," Prompto said, "and I think Ignis might fight you if you try to pervert his caffeine supply like that."

"Entirely correct," Ignis agreed.

Prompto studied the bottle in Noct's hand—no label, nothing but a clear liquid sloshing around inside. "It can't be that bad," he said. "You guys are probably just used to fancy, classy alcohol and not like, regular people shit." He didn't mention that he wasn't used to drinking any kind of alcohol at all, and that the only time he'd been truly drunk had been when he and Noct drank a couple of way-too-expensive bottles of wine and then watched an Animal Planet show that made Prompto cry because the antelope got eaten by a lion.

The look on Noct's face said he remembered that particular occasion.

"Alright," Noct said slowly, "those are some famous last words, though." He handed over the bottle, his fingers brushing Prompto's, and that would have been normal except that Noct was grinning at him like *that* and Prompto couldn't recall having ever seen him make that face.

He couldn't say he minded, though.

He smelled the alcohol before he tasted it, sharp in the back of his throat, unnaturally chemical. Geez, Prompto was used to forcing himself to eat things he wasn't a huge fan of, but that was usually like, salad, and not battery acid (which he was beginning to suspect was a major component of this shit). He swallowed more of it than he probably should have, and it made him cough and splutter with all the drama Noct was probably expecting.

"Dude! You—agh—you weren't kidding!" he choked out.

Noct swiped the bottle back from him, which was probably a good thing, considering Prompto had come very close to dropping it. "You get used to it," he said, and the second time he drank, he didn't even shudder.

"Give that back, you little shit, I paid for it," Gladio said, and Noct passed it over without argument, because he was busy watching Prompto, nudging his foot into Prompto's ankle.

"You okay?" Noct asked him.

"I'll survive," Prompto wheezed, but his throat still burned. The alcohol settled warm in his stomach, though, and that was nice. He bopped Noct's foot with his toes, and Noct reached over, grabbing the leg of Prompto's chair and dragging him closer, until he was shoulder-to-shoulder with Noct. It reminded him of curling up on Noct's couch and watching horror movies, sitting close enough to each other that when Prompto lost it over a jump-scare, he nearly punched Noct in the nose.

He could hear Ignis complaining about lack of access to that one imported wine he liked from Accordo, but he was distracted from any potential conversation by the way the firelight played over Noct's features. The fall of

his hair still hides his eyes in shadow, but the curve of his cheek and chin and mouth were all highlighted by the soft golden glow.

Prompto shook his head, tearing himself out of his reverie. "Hey, lemme do another shot," he said to Gladio. "I gotta prove myself, I'm not that much of a wimp, I just wasn't ready."

"No way, give it a minute, let that one hit you first." Gladio shook his head, slouching back in his chair with one foot kicked up over his opposite knee. "That stuff's high enough proof that just the one can probably take out a guy your size."

"Hey, Noct is the same size I am!" Prompto knew that for a fact. He'd borrowed Noct's clothes more than once (and, admittedly, engineered those scenarios on purpose because Noct's clothes were always super cozy and smelled nice).

"Yeah, but Gladio's got this weird thing about making sure I have an alcohol tolerance," Noct said.

"Someone's gonna try to get you drunk so you spill political secrets at some point, and I'm doing my best to make sure that doesn't happen," Gladio argued.

Prompto couldn't tell for sure, but the way Noct cocked his head meant he was probably rolling his eyes. "I think you just like getting me wasted so I say stupid stuff."

Gladio grinned at him, his teeth flashing white in the semi-dark, and then he directed his attention to Prompto with a little shake of his head like they were sharing some kind of private joke Prompto hadn't been aware of. "As much as I enjoy your thoughts on the universe, your whole 'philosophical drunk' thing doesn't exactly do it for me."

"Hey, you just get really horny," Noct countered, and Prompto had no idea if that was true but he sure as hell wanted to. For. Scientific reasons.

"Only when it's tequila," Gladio said, taking another drink as if to prove Noct wrong.

By the time they banked the fire, Prompto had convinced Gladio to let him take another shot, and he managed not to nearly asphyxiate himself this time. They piled into the tent with the lantern on, and tried to go for a round of cards, but the alcohol was getting to all of them, and Noct got on Prompto's case for cheating, when in actuality he'd lost one of the cards in his hand, and it was sitting a few inches away on his sleeping bag.

Prompto didn't tell him this, because Noct's method of interrogation involved tackling him. Prompto was laughing too hard to explain where Noct's card had gone—everything was very suddenly *hilarious*, especially the look on Noct's face. Like he was trying to look mad but was just as tipsy and giggly as Prompto.

"Cut that out, you little shit," Noct said, trying to cover Prompto's mouth and snatching his hand back when Prompto licked him, "I'm gonna arrest you, stop doing crimes!"

"I'm not doing crimes! And you're the king, not the police, so *nyeh*." Prompto stuck his tongue out at him and Noct flopped onto him, fully-body, making Prompto's breath rush out in an *oof*.

"Yeah, I'm the king, so I can like, double arrest you. Crimes. It's definitely illegal to be that cute," Noct said, his voice muffled into Prompto's chest. Gladio was flicking cards at them, and Ignis was laughing behind his hand.

"Then you've done more crimes than any of us!" Prompto argued, because Noct was, in fact, the *cutest*, especially when he was sleepy.

"Hey." Noct lifted his head, looking Prompto in the eyes. His cheeks were a little flushed, the way he only got when he was sick or, apparently, a little drunk. "I want to kiss you on your whole face."

"You can't do that!" Prompto gasped, and Noct frowned. "Your mouth's not big enough for that!"

"Alright, fine, can I just kiss you on your mouth, then? That seems like a good idea." He shifted closer, and Prompto had to plant a hand on his face.

"Dude! Aren't you three like, a thing?" Prompto gestured between Gladio and Ignis, like Noct might have forgotten they were inches away.

Noct laid his head on Prompto's chest again. "Do you not wanna be in the thing?"

"Am I allowed to?" Prompto asked, pretty sure he'd never sounded stupider. There were mature, adult ways to discuss beginning a relationship, and then there was whatever Prompto was doing. Uuugh, why did Drunk Noct have to start talking about face-kissing?

Gladio snorted a laugh from somewhere above him. "We've only been flirting with you for ages."

"What?"

"You think I let most people smack me on the ass that much?" Noct added, still muffled because his face was smashed against Prompto's chest.

"Really?"

"Noct has been irritated by the idea of you dating someone else going on years, now," Ignis said, coming into Prompto's field of vision when he tipped his head up. "I must admit, I agree with him wholeheartedly."

"*Oh my god.*"

"So, are you cool with this?" Noct asked, like that was even a question.

"Of *course*, holy shit, I—" He was cut off by the press of lips against his own, and it must have been Ignis, because Noct made a squawking noise not unlike an offended chocobo. A gentle, but firm hand pressed into his jaw, tilting his face as his breath was expertly stolen out of his mouth. Definitely Ignis.

"I said *I* wanted to kiss him," Noct whined, actually *whined*.

Ignis pulled away, just for long enough to say, "be patient," before kissing Prompto again. Okay, Prompto had kissed people before, but Ignis had that thing about being an expert in everything he tried, which clearly extended to kissing. Sure, Prompto had looked at Ignis's mouth and wondered (and couldn't blame himself, because Ignis had a *pretty* mouth), but up 'til now, his brain hadn't even been capable of imagining a kiss like this one.

When Ignis pulled away, Prompto sat up, following him but being intercepted by Noct, who straddled his lap and held him close and kissed him with the desperation of a man who had been waiting for this for years. *Years.* Wild. Prompto kissed him back with a similar urgency, squeezing his waist, slipping his hands under Noct's T-shirt. Noct flinched briefly as Prompto's hands encountered the tangle of scars on his lower back, but when Prompto swept his fingers up and over them to press between his shoulder blades, Noct relaxed again.

Noct kissed him open-mouthed and hungry, and it made his whole body run hot, and hey, he had way too much clothing on. Noct had to stop kissing him for a sec so Prompto could strip his shirt off, but once he realized what was happening, he made a pleased noise, grabbing for Prompto again. Why did he even wear a shirt like, ever, if it got in the way of Noct touching his bare skin? Gladio had the right idea.

Ignis cleared his throat from somewhere to their left, but Prompto couldn't pull himself away from Noct's hands eagerly touching every inch of Prompto's bare torso as he did some things with his tongue that His Royal Highness definitely should not have known how to do.

It was very clear that Ignis had taught him some things.

Ignis tapped him on the shoulder instead, and Prompto finally looked up, which Noct pouted about for a second before kissing his neck instead.

"This may not be the ideal scenario in which to start a... relationship," Ignis said.

"Seems pretty good to me," Prompto argued, because Noct was inching closer to him by the second and he wanted this so, so bad.

Gladio was watching them hungrily, like he was just biding his time until he could push Noct away and take his turn. "I'm enjoying it."

"Yes, however, we're a bit inebriated and things are moving rather quickly." Ignis spoke gently, resting a hand on the back of Noct's neck to get him to back off just a little. He still pressed his face to Prompto's skin, but he stopped kissing and licking and biting. "None of us want you to feel as though you're being pushed into something."

Okay, no. There was wanting to bang someone and then there was *needing* to bang someone and *then* there was the desire that was overwhelming Prompto completely. "Ignis," he said, reaching out to grab him by the front of his shirt collar, "that is the dumbest thing you have ever said. Do you know much I've jerked off thinking about you guys?"

They all stared at him for a second. Shit. Drunk Prompto, why did you have to go and say whatever popped into your head?

Then, Gladio lunged forward, his hand on the scruff of Noct's neck like he was an unruly kitten. "If you don't let me get my hands on him right now, I'm going to throw you across the tent. That's so hot."

"It's not a very big tent, I'd risk it," Noct said, and only bothered to slump off of Prompto when Prompto started whining because yes he wanted Gladio's hands on him. He always wanted Gladio's hands on him, but especially now.

Prompto didn't know what he was expecting, maybe to be pinned down and ravaged, but one second he was sitting there and the next he had been deposited into Gladio's lap. Gladio had his legs crossed, his hands on Prompto's thighs, and Prompto had to spread his legs wide to straddle him. Prompto shivered at the scrape of Gladio's beard over his neck, as Gladio kissed him in the same place Noct had.

"Is it really that hot?" Prompto asked, after a second, because seriously, he'd have thought it'd come off more creepy than anything.

"Oh, yeah. That's one hell of an ego boost." He pulled Prompto in to meet his mouth, moving slower than Noct had, but no less forcefully.

"What a shame," Ignis said, suddenly at his back, his breath warm against Prompto's neck. "You were, what, crammed into one of the motel bathrooms, pleasuring yourself alone, when you could have been laid out on the bed with the three of us absolutely worshipping you."

Alright, it was goddamn hard to focus on Gladio's mouth and Ignis's voice, and it became even more of a challenge when Noct flattened himself against Gladio's back and tucked his hands between him and Prompto, reaching for the fly of Prompto's jeans. Prompto made a helpless noise into Gladio's mouth and it didn't give any of them pause, only made them double down their efforts.

"What have you imagined us doing to you, I wonder," Ignis mused, his mouth against Prompto's neck, his hands trailing down Prompto's waist to his hips where they met Noct's, which were stubbornly trying to get his pants off even though he was still firmly seated on Gladio's lap. "What do you like, Prompto? Tell us how to undo you."

"Literally anything," Prompto said, when Gladio gave him the space to breathe and answer the question.

Noct's head poked up from behind Gladio's shoulder. "Wait, have you... done this before?"

"What? No. When would I have been banged by three dudes before?"

"Not that, have you done—are you a virgin?" Noct asked, studying him like Prompto might try to lie to him about that.

"No! I've done things." He leaned over to flick Noct in the forehead. "Just because I don't tell *you* doesn't mean I don't fuck. I mean, I haven't done *all the stuff*, but I've done some stuff."

"Oh?" Noct rested his chin on Gladio's shoulder, and Prompto *knew* he was doing that thing where he let Prompto ramble himself into abject

awkwardness, but Prompto still couldn't stop himself.

"I just haven't ever, like, topped anybody. Not that I wouldn't want to! I just. Ugh. Noct!" Prompto could *feel* Ignis laughing behind him, and even though he'd said much more embarrassing things in front of Ignis on various occasions, this one flustered him more than usual.

"Wanna change that?" Noct asked, scooting closer to Gladio's back like he could reach Prompto *through* him.

Well, fuck. Of course he did, that sounded fantastic, but Prompto really wished they'd suggested something he knew he was good at. Like blowjobs. He was good at those. Probably. the one time he'd done it, he'd been reportedly good. Alright, maybe he hadn't done that many things at all.

"I, uh. I—what if I'm terrible at it? No, seriously, don't laugh! What if I get too over-enthusiastic and I hurt one of you, or, or—"

A gentle, but firm hand grasped his chin and tipped his face up and to the side so that Ignis could kiss him, quick and thorough, and Prompto discovered his new favorite way of being shut up. "Have no worries, darling, we will ensure that everyone enjoys this thoroughly," he said, voice low, his accent sounding particularly fluid. As Ignis reassured Prompto, Noct leaned up and whispered something in Gladio's ear. Gladio nodded back at him, and his hands slid up Prompto's thighs to cup his ass and pull him in closer.

"And you won't hurt anybody," Noct added.

"Okay, you can't just *say* that, how do you actually know—" he started to bluster again, apparently Ignis hadn't been entirely able to make him speechless.

Noct grinned at him, his teeth looking particularly sharp. "Because you'll be fucking Gladio."

"Trust me, I can take it," Gladio said, holding Prompto close to him with one hand on the small of his back, his other tracing the shape of Prompto's

jaw, his thumb rubbing over Prompto's lower lip.

Prompto swore his heart was going to leap out of his chest, not to mention the fact that his dick was so hard he'd come as soon as anybody touched him. He had no doubts Gladio could take it. He just hadn't imagined Gladio would *want to*. "You're sure?" he asked, because as orgasm-inducing as the idea of fucking Gladio was, he didn't seem like the kinda guy to just let somebody else take the reins like that.

"Hell yes." Gladio leaned in and kissed him, biting and tugging at his lower lip. "Show me what you can do, loverboy."

"I don't even know what I can do," Prompto laughed.

Gladio shrugged. "If I don't like it I can always pin you down and ride your cock," he said, like that was a *casual thing you just told somebody*. Prompto was going to die. Prompto was maybe already dead.

"Don't do that, you'll squish him, he's little," Noct said. He propped himself up with his elbows on Gladio's shoulder so that he could address Ignis over Gladio's head. "What bag is the lube in?"

"Yours, last I saw it."

Oh. Right. Prompto was glad one of them had thought to bring lube on a road trip. Probably because they were *planning* on making it a sexy road trip at some point. Six, how many times had the three of them had to sneak moments together when Prompto wasn't looking?

"Not that I'm complaining," Prompto said, "but if the three of you are a thing, why the hell did you only bring one tent?"

Gladio kissed him again before answering, barely moving away so that he spoke against Prompto's lips. "Maybe we were hoping somethin' like this would happen."

"I was!" Noct informed them from somewhere behind Gladio, shuffling through his bag. To find lube. So that Prompto could fuck Gladio. "Also,

you'd be lonely."

Alright, maybe he was right on that one.

Prompto kissed Gladio's neck, lingering in the feeling of stubble under his lips, the vibrations of his throat as Gladio moaned, the scent he wore (something woodsy and manly, the kind of thing that never quite worked on Prompto but mingled perfectly with Gladio's natural scent). Gladio's shoulder shifted under Prompto's hands, and when he stole a glance, he realized that Gladio was unbuttoning Ignis's shirt one-handed, his other still tucked in the back pocket of Prompto's jeans.

Ignis moved in to kiss Gladio and wow, having a front seat to that was an Experience. They were both ridiculously hot, for one, and the way they moved together was so comfortable, seamless, like they'd been doing this for years. Probably because they had. Ignis had one hand on Prompto's shoulder, his other on the back of Gladio's neck to keep him steady. Prompto's brain was running on overdrive just watching them, trying to memorize every movement, every flash of Ignis's clever tongue as he took Gladio apart.

There was a mouth against Prompto's ear—Noct was back. "They look good, don't they?" His fingers, somehow still chilly despite the heat coursing through all of them, reached for Prompto's chin, and he turned Prompto to face him. "I promise, you can watch all you want next time."

If Prompto was thrown by *next time*, he was all the more wildly overwhelmed by the fact that somewhere between Noct sneaking away to get the lube and now, Noct had lost all his clothes. And, okay, Prompto had seen him naked before, it was hard not to when you were camping and the only options were bathing in the river or dealing with your body odor, but Prompto had never seen him naked and flushed and *hard*, and the sight made Prompto squeeze his legs more tightly around Gladio's waist.

Noct cocked his head, grinning. "I don't think you've ever looked at me like that."

"Only when you're not looking," Prompto breathed, trailing his fingertips across Noct's chest and down his side to hold onto his hip.

There was something surprised in Noct's face, like he hadn't expected Prompto to admit that he'd had a thing for Noct since, like, forever. "Prompto," he said, like there was an end to that sentence, but he cut himself off and kissed Prompto instead.

Gladio had clearly finished undoing Ignis's shirt, because Ignis leaned back to give himself room to strip it off, and if there was one thing that could have drawn Prompto's attention from Noct, it was that. Ignis always wore the most clothes of the three of them: long sleeves, long pants. While Gladio would strip out of his shirt at the slightest provocation, Ignis kept his on even in the midday heat, and Prompto felt like a swooning old-timey lady over how turned on he got by Ignis so much as rolling up his sleeves. Prompto knew Ignis was powerfully built, he'd seen the guy fight, but he forgot how gorgeous all that lean muscle was. Sure, there was the whole bathing in the lake thing, but Ignis was much more keenly aware than Noct or Gladio, and Prompto was a hundred percent sure he'd be caught staring. Plus, this time, he could *touch*.

He didn't have much time to get his hands on Ignis, though, because Gladio tipped him back until Prompto was sprawled in the collection of sleeping bags and pillows haphazardly spread around the floor of the tent. For once in his life, Prompto regretted wearing such tight jeans all the time, because his dick was so ridiculously hard and uncomfortably constrained, it made him want to scream.

"Augh, you always manhandle people like this, Gladio?" Prompto asked, even though Gladio seemed like he was at least trying to make sure Prompto was in a comfortable position.

"Only if they like it as much as you seem to," Gladio said, groping him through his pants, and holy shit, Prompto wanted to *scream*. "Noct, you got him?"

"Helllll yes," Noct drawled, returning to the task he'd been trying to complete all night: getting Prompto's pants off. "Hey. If I make you come,

can you get hard again?" he asked, once he'd gotten Prompto out of his jeans and his boxers, leaving him in just his wristbands. Prompto nearly laughed at him.

"Dude. Do you realize how hot you guys are? I mean, really. Of course."

"Yeah, Noct, not everybody comes once and then falls right the fuck asleep—yeah, Iggy, do that." Gladio made a muffled noise, he must have been kissing Ignis again. Prompto kinda wished he could see, but Noct was taking up his entire field of vision, and he was smiling at Prompto, and he was the most beautiful thing Prompto had ever seen.

Noct huffed. "That was *one time*."

Prompto would've begged details out of them, because that sounded fuckin' hilarious, but Noct made him forget that entirely by swallowing his dick in one smooth movement, which actually *did* make him scream.

Noct could only deepthroat him for a second before he started choking, which definitely meant he'd only done it to impress Prompto. Honestly, kinda flattering. And, it gave Prompto a second to recover (as much as one could) while Noct cleared his throat.

"Do that again, and I'm gonna come in your mouth," Prompto said, watching a visible shiver course through Noct's body. Whoa, okay. Apparently, he'd stumbled onto something Noct was into.

"Please, do that."

Alright, Prompto had done some weird shit in his lifetime, but having *the king of fucking Lucis* begging for Prompto to *come in his mouth* was a whole other level of wild. Y'know, he'd been given dating advice before, but strangely, this had never been covered. It was also hot as all hell.

Prompto had been on the receiving end of a blowjob exactly two times before, and while he couldn't exactly tell whether Noct's technique was any better than that guy Prompto used to fool around with after school, there were definitely some improvements. Namely: the ocean-water blue of

Noct's eyes looking steadily up at him with a particular expression of determination Prompto had only seen him fix on very large monsters and occasionally a particularly assholeish fish. When he thought about it that way, it was a little less flattering.

No matter what, Noct was gorgeous, and the sight of him with Prompto's dick in his mouth was. Well. Apparently very effective at making Prompto come so hard his toes curled and his fingers gripped at the edge of the sleeping bag to keep himself from pulling on Noct's hair.

Noct wiped his mouth and breathed hard for a moment, then swore extensively, naming at least half the Six. He plastered himself against Prompto's front and kissed him, the bitter-salt taste of Prompto's come still on his mouth and the heat of his hard-on against Prompto's hip. "Fuck," he said, and then kissed Prompto again. "*Fuck*. You have no idea how many times I imagined doing that when I was seventeen."

What the fuuuuck.

Prompto didn't really know how to deal with the fact that apparently, Noct had wanted this nearly as long as Prompto had, so he reached between them instead. He barely got his hand around Noct's dick before there was a sharp *a-hem* from somewhere to his left.

It was Ignis, who had an indeterminate number of fingers in Gladio's ass. Fuck. Prompto couldn't even see Ignis's hand, just the movement of his wrist, and it was still too much. He swore he was gonna come *again*, before he even got to fuck Gladio.

"Noct, what the fuck?" Gladio didn't manage to sound as sharp and intimidating as usual, mostly because of the way his breath hitched when Ignis did something to him—something nasty, if the smirk on Iggy's face was any indication. "Couldn't keep yourself from getting him off long enough for me to get some, could you?"

"Don't worry, big guy," Prompto said, "I can get going again in like, fifteen, twenty minutes." Because, yeah, seeing Gladio naked was sure doing it for him. Prompto was almost jealous of the fact that Gladio's ass and thighs

were just as toned as his torso (when the guy talked about not skipping leg day, he meant it) but he was sure getting his hands all over that would make up for any residual envy.

Ignis, who had stopped touching Gladio to consider Prompto, looked as though he was running some sort of calculation in his head. "I can make that ten," he said, yeah, he probably could.

Ignis stripped methodically, like he was undressing for bed without an audience, and the slide of his belt being removed made Prompto forget how to breathe. Prompto only got a second to ogle once Ignis was naked, but that was all he needed. Ignis was gorgeous all over and Prompto wanted everything Ignis would give him.

Ignis made a gesture that Prompto didn't understand until it had Noct tossing the bottle of lube in his direction. He caught it as easily as he would one of his knives, without looking, and set it to the side, running his hands up Prompto's sides, possessive and exploratory. His touch was made all the more thrilling by the fact that he wasn't wearing his gloves for once, the fingers of his left hand slick from touching Gladio. He barely had to push to tumble Prompto onto his back (apparently, Gladio was not the only one who was into manhandling people).

"What'cha got planned for me, Iggy?" Prompto asked, partially just because the anticipation was *killing* him.

"Here." Ignis took Prompto's wrist, squeezing a tiny puddle of lube into his palm before instructing him further. "Get my cock wet, dear, it'll make this all much more pleasant."

"Fuck, alright, yeah." Prompto didn't think he'd ever heard Ignis say anything more explicit than *damn* before tonight, but the dirty talk came so smoothly to him, he wondered if this was just how Iggy was during sex. Prompto was half in love with the three of them already, but learning shit like this made him want to know *everything*. Memorizing the pleased look Ignis got when Prompto stroked him was a good start.

He only let Prompto jerk him off for a minute before tugging his hand away, and Prompto couldn't quite figure out what was going on. Ignis scooped up Prompto's legs, his arm curling around the underside of Prompto's knees, holding him so that his thighs pressed close together, and—oh.

"Is this alright?" he asked, after it became obvious that he intended to fuck Prompto's thighs.

"Hell yes, please." Prompto felt strangely exposed in a way he hadn't when Noct was looking at his naked body. Maybe it was the fact that Ignis still had his glasses on, and that he was observing every inch of Prompto's body from his flushed face and chest to the space between his thighs where Prompto could feel the head of Ignis's cock pressed against him.

Ten minutes, Ignis had said, but Prompto was betting maybe five, now.

"Tell me how it feels," Ignis said, and Prompto made a soft whine that probably answered his question. "I apologize, this would be a bit more comfortable with your back to me, however—" he paused to nudge his glasses up his face with his thumb and middle finger, "—I simply must see your face."

Prompto couldn't help his nervous laughter. "Iunno why, I'm just gonna make some stupid face," he said.

"Nonsense." Ignis started a remarkably steady rhythm, and while this position was definitely more stimulating for whoever was on top, Prompto was still feeling it, his cock steadily filling out again. "This gives me somewhat of an indication as to what you'll look like when I finally do fuck you."

Prompto was definitely making the stupid face now, his head tipped back, a strangled moan tearing its way out of his throat. Because, yeah. He wanted that. He *needed* that. Plus, it was yet another indication that there would be a next time. He would have covered his face, if Noct hadn't been sitting behind his head, both of Prompto's hands in his.

"He's pretty like this," Noct said, and if Prompto could've blushed any more, he would've.

"Absolutely lovely," Ignis agreed.

"Oh my god, you guys," Prompto said, squirming in Noct's hold.

"They're right." Gladio leaned over him, and Noct let go of his arms so that he could wrap them around Gladio's shoulders as they kissed.

He could distantly hear Ignis say, "the two of them are utterly *stunning* together," followed by a soft noise of agreement from Noct. Then they were silent but for heavy breathing and—oh, Noct must have started kissing him, because Ignis's pace stuttered as he continued to fuck Prompto, the head of his cock nudging against Prompto's balls and making him moan into Gladio's mouth.

Ignis started fucking him harder, faster, and *gods*, what Prompto wouldn't do to feel that in his ass. He knew Ignis would be amazing at it. Gladio leaned away from Prompto's mouth, stealing a glance in Ignis's direction before squeezing Prompto's shoulder to get his attention.

"Watch," he instructed Prompto, nodding toward Ignis.

Prompto rarely saw Ignis overwhelmed by anything (except maybe exasperation, when dealing with the years-long battle of Noct v. Vegetables). Turned out, overwhelmed was a good look on Ignis. His glasses were a little crooked, his eyes closed behind them, and his distractingly pretty mouth was open, making Prompto wonder what he'd look like sucking somebody off. The image of perfect, proper, polite Ignis on his knees had Prompto squirming, and he realized belatedly that he'd squeezed his thighs around Ignis's cock and that it made Ignis moan like something straight out of Prompto's wet dreams.

"Whatever you just did, do that again," Noct said, his hands on Prompto's shoulders. His nails dug in (as much as they could, considering they were bitten to the quick) when Prompto tensed his thighs again and it made Ignis swear, a breathy, passionate, *fuck*. "Yesssss," Noct sighed, and one of his

hands left Prompto's shoulder. He managed to tear his attention away from Iggy for just a second, long enough to realize that Noct was touching himself, fingers running up and down the length of his cock, not really jerking it, just teasing.

Alright, so, the fact that Noct got so turned on watching Ignis may have been super hot, and Prompto *may* have looked away for more than a second, and he definitely missed Iggy's o-face, because his attention was drawn back by the feeling of come painting the inside of his thighs and the underside of his cock.

"Oh, Ignis—" Prompto reached for him, and he was damn glad he was kinda flexible, because Ignis didn't let go of his legs until after he leaned in to kiss Prompto, folding him nearly in half for a moment.

"Yes, darling."

"Was it good?" Prompto asked, nose-to-nose with Ignis and grinning uncontrollably.

"Wonderful, yes." Ignis kissed him again, a little sloppier now that he was loose and relaxed from orgasm, a little too much pressure, like he just wanted to be close to Prompto.

When Ignis leaned away, he was smiling, gentle and tender, and Prompto decided that was a good look on him, too.

So. Prompto hadn't exactly thought about the part where this ended with him getting come all over himself. It was only an issue for about half a second, though, because all Ignis had to do was say, "Noct," and then Noct was handing him the box of wipes Prompto typically used to wash his face when they were camping. Hey, multi-purpose.

Ignis was gentle cleaning him up, and he kissed Prompto's cheek and jaw, and stroked his cock after he'd finished, his deft, talented fingers giving Prompto exactly what he needed. Oh, he was ready. Ignis had done his job, a hundred percent perfectly (of course), and Prompto needed *more*.

"Hey." Gladio looped an arm around Ignis's waist, tugging him away from Prompto, and Ignis made the most ridiculous, petulant noise Prompto had ever heard from him. He kissed the side of Gladio's head, though, where his hair was shaved. "I really meant it about wanting him to fuck me, okay?"

"You want me to fuck you, get over here, gorgeous," Prompto said, and Noct snorted a laugh.

"I like Sexy Prompto," Noct remarked. If Prompto could've reached him, he would've smacked his ass, but he also thought it would be a little weird in this context.

"How do you want me?" Gladio asked, running a hand down Prompto's cheek to his neck. God, Prompto was glad they'd gotten rid of that eye-searingly fluorescent camping lantern in favor of something that was a little dimmer and warmer-toned; it painted them all in soft shadow. Prompto was so carried away with the way Gladio looked almost like a portrait painted by an old master in this light, he forgot to answer.

Noct helpfully nudged him in the side.

"I, uh. I dunno." He was sort of enamored with the idea of Gladio riding him, but he also wanted to be on top, wanted to be the one pushing Gladio onto the bed (tent.) and pressing into him, and—okay, yeah. "On your back? Is that good?"

"Yeah, 'course," Gladio said, and as he arranged himself in front of Prompto, honest to god, Prompto nearly started drooling. He'd jokingly called Gladio a snack a couple days ago, but he'd been so, so wrong. This man was an entire goddamn meal, and Prompto was starving for it.

Gladio spread his legs, and Prompto almost died on the spot. He distinctly remembered being fifteen years old and determinedly not telling Noct how hot he thought his Shield was, because that was weird, and why would Prompto even care about how hot a guy was—five years later, it turned out he'd care about that because he was so, so bi for this dude. And a couple'a other ones, too, which he was distinctly reminded of when Noct pressed

against his back, warm against him with his cock rubbing against Prompto's ass.

"You gonna show him how?" Gladio asked, and if he hadn't winked, it would've been like he was asking Noct to demonstrate a new move in training.

"If he wants me to. Yeah?"

You know, normally Prompto would've been embarrassed, because c'mon, this was like, basic human behavior, he didn't need *help*, but this was kinda hot, so. "Okay."

"Touch his thighs, and his hips," Ignis said, from where he was lying like a nude portrait in a museum, observing the three of them. Prompto followed his instructions, skirting his fingertips over Gladio's thighs and up to his hips, barely brushing past his cock and watching his abs twitch as he reacted to the touch. Ignis continued: "He enjoys that in particular, I recall, if you dig your fingers in. Hard, he doesn't bruise easily."

"Alright, Iggy, could you—" Gladio paused for a second, as Prompto grasped his hips and pulled him closer, only able to maneuver him because the fabric of the sleeping bags slid so easily on the floor of the tent, "—just can it until he actually gets inside me, fuck."

Ignis laughed, teasing and a little lazy.

Gladio turned his attention on Prompto instead. "Fuck me," he said, never one to hide under innuendo. "Now, Prompto, I wanna feel you."

Prompto squirmed, his hips canting forward involuntarily and his cock rubbing against Gladio, but not *in*, not until Noct put a hand on Prompto's waist to steady him so he could ease in slow.

Alright, he'd maybe thought about how this would feel once or twice or a thousand times. He'd imagined it with girls, with guys, with these three guys in particular, but nothing compared to the feeling of sinking into Gladio's body and watching him react, a pleased sigh and an arch of his

back. Prompto peeled himself away from Noct's chest to bend over Gladio, kissing his sternum because he wasn't quite tall enough to reach Gladio's face.

"Good?" Prompto asked, unsure what he'd do if the answer was anything other than 'yes'.

Gladio's head was tipped back far enough that Prompto watched his Adam's apple bob as he swallowed. "Been waiting for that," he said, and then he squeezed his thighs around Prompto's waist and instructed Noct to, "show him how I like it."

Y'know, Prompto really should've come to this conclusion earlier, but it was currently smacking him in the face: Noct had fucked Gladio before. He'd probably fucked both of them, probably done every combination of things there was to do, and the fact that they'd done all that and still wanted *Prompto* was... Well. Prompto wasn't sure if he wanted to laugh or cry, but he *was* sure that he wanted to fuck Gladio how he liked it.

Noct's hands were steady on Prompto's hips, guiding him into the right rhythm, the right angle, and he left lazy kisses over Prompto's shoulders the whole time. Prompto clutched at Gladio's hips and thighs hard enough to bruise, and it made Gladio moan, low and resonant, the sound striking right to Prompto's core.

"You look good like this," Noct said, his chin hooked over Prompto's shoulders to watch the flex of his hips and the slide of his cock as he fucked Gladio. "Want you in me next time."

"Oh, yeah, I wanna see that," Gladio said, cut off from further commentary because Noct directed Prompto to an angle that must have hit just right, if the way Gladio put all his effort into rolling his hips and shoving back onto Prompto's cock was any indication.

"Yeah," Prompto agreed, "I want... well, I kinda want to do it in every position that has ever existed, ah, *ever*."

"I'm sure that can be arranged," Ignis said, and then he edged closer so that he could lean in to kiss Gladio.

Watching them kiss was just as sexy as it'd been the first time. Maybe more so, because this time, Prompto got to watch Gladio gasp into Ignis's mouth whenever Prompto fucked him just right. As if the hot clutch of Gladio's body around his cock wasn't enough to drive him right over the edge.

"Gonna come in like ten seconds watching them," he said.

"Me too." Noct still had his hands on Prompto's hips, but slowly, Prompto started to get the hang of things and Noct started to get too into it to remember he was supposed to be acting as some weird kind of sex tutor. The feeling of Noct grinding against his ass sort of made Prompto wish Noct could be fucking him, his desire to do everything with all of them taking off to new heights.

And then, while still kissing Gladio, Ignis reached down, his hand trailing over Gladio's stomach to wrap around his cock. That was kinda it for Prompto.

Sex had never felt so all-encompassing for him; everywhere he turned, there was a hand to hold or a pair of arms to fall into. Of course, it was because there were two more people than he was used to (let's be real, there were three more than he was used to, because Prompto's most frequent sexual partner was his own hand), but it was also because it was *these* three people. Prompto trusted them with his life on the battlefield, and he trusted them with his heart now.

Noct's hand snaked up his chest, holding Prompto tight against him, and Prompto let go of Gladio's hands to grip his thighs instead, fucking him with abandon because when Gladio said he could take it, he meant it.

"How does it feel?" he heard Ignis ask, his mouth barely an inch from Gladio's.

"Good," Gladio said, "better than I thought he'd be, honestly." He grinned at Prompto, teasing, and Prompto pinched his hip, laughing back.

"Hey! We can't all be born sex gods, Gladio."

"He wasn't, either, trust me," Ignis said, rubbing his thumb over the head of Gladio's cock and making him moan and tip his face into Ignis's shoulder. "And you'll get plenty of practice."

Ignis pulled Gladio into another kiss, and Gladio clutched at the back of his neck, holding Ignis in place even though he definitely didn't need to. Prompto was super into the way Gladio's arm flexed as he held Ignis close, though. He tipped his head back so that he could address Noct, who still had his face buried in Prompto's shoulder. "Do you ever get used to watching them together, or are they always this..."

"Stupid hot? Yeah." Noct said. "Haven't gotten used to it yet, at least. I swear, I could get off just watching the way they kiss."

Yeah. Yeah, Prompto definitely got that. He didn't think he'd ever seen Ignis's resolve completely drop like that, all his inhibitions clearly taking a break while Ignis was busy fucking Gladio's mouth with his tongue and receiving the same treatment in kind. Prompto sucked in a breath through his teeth and let it out slow, shaky.

"You gonna come for us, baby?" Noct asked, his mouth pressed against Prompto's ear, his voice low and still a little raspy from choking himself on Prompto's dick.

Baby. Oh god, Noct was gonna ruin him.

Prompto sagged back against him, going nearly boneless. That was fine, though. That was cool. The only bones he needed were the ones necessary to keep fucking Gladio, and Gladio was helping out with that, still rolling his hips back onto Prompto's cock.

"I got you," Noct said, his voice soft, clutching Prompto against him. "Let them see how gorgeous you are when you come."

He hadn't noticed Ignis and Gladio had stopped kissing to watch him until just then, and honestly, if Noct had said something earlier, it might've

thrown Prompto off so much he wouldn't have been able to finish. He wasn't used to an audience. As it were, though, he was already coming by the time Noct alerted him to the guys' eyes on him.

Noct continued to frot against Prompto's ass, even when Prompto's rhythm faltered and he let out a breath that turned into a moan.

"*Fuck*, Prompto—" Noct groaned, ragged in a way that definitely meant he was coming. Prompto reached up and behind himself to clutch Noct's head close to him, and Noct sunk his teeth into Prompto's neck. He came in a hot rush over Prompto's ass and thighs, and Prompto would probably find that gross in a sec, but for now, it meant he was *Noct's*, and Prompto swore just that thought dragged his orgasm out twice as long.

All he could do for a minute was breathe, until his thighs started trembling and oh, hey, he should probably pull out, huh?

Gladio sat up and crowded into Prompto's lap immediately, kissing him, which didn't work super well because Prompto needed his mouth for breathing right about now—he felt like he'd just broken his own 5K record.

"Y'know," Gladio said, "I always said I didn't have a thing for twink's fucking other twink's, but I kinda want to watch Noct do you, too."

"Next time?" Prompto suggested, not entirely sure what other plans they'd come up with for next time and whether this one conflicted.

"Fuck off, I am a *twunk*," Noct complained, his head lolling forward onto Prompto's shoulders, his arms around Prompto's waist. Prompto kinda liked being sandwiched between him and Gladio.

"Alright, sure." Gladio definitely rolled his eyes. "You gonna help me out, blondie, or should I get the royal asshat to wake up and jerk me off?"

Noct lifted one of his hands to flip Gladio off, with a grumbly, "*suck it*."

And Gladio *did*, licking Noct's finger from knuckle to tip before swallowing it, and, when Noct continued to not look up, Gladio bit him.

"Hey! You *asshole!*"

"Do we need someone to settle this little disagreement?" Ignis sat up and leaned against Gladio's back, hooking an arm around his waist. His head was laid on Gladio's shoulder blade, so Prompto could only see the steadily-wilting spikes of his hair, which was pretty damn cute. It also meant Iggy wasn't even looking when he traced over Gladio's cock, just as confident about it as he'd been when Gladio was laid out in front of him.

"You're so good at conflict resolution, Iggy," Noct said. Gladio leaned his head onto Prompto's other shoulder, which blocked his view of Ignis's hand around his cock, but Prompto didn't mind, because he was quickly discovering that he *loved* being wrapped up in the two of them. He stroked Gladio's hair, dropping his hand for a second to pet Iggy's head, too, which made Ignis laugh, warm and sweet.

Gladio swore extensively when he came, and he kissed Prompto after, much more successful now that Prompto could, you know, breathe. He was slower about it this time, less demanding, but still hot as hell.

The four of them settled together, a tangled, sweaty mess, and Prompto could've melted away into pure bliss. He could feel Gladio and Noct breathing against him at different rates, Gladio still coming down from his orgasm and Noct... Noct was most likely falling asleep. Ignis traced tiny circles on Prompto's thigh with his fingertips, and Prompto wished he could commit this entire moment to film, that he could press the rush of serotonin he was getting between the pages of his scrapbook. You know, when he got around to making one.

"So," Gladio said, after a long moment of holding each other, "you still mad about camping?"

"Dude. I think camping might be the best," Prompto sighed, kissing Gladio's jaw just to feel the texture of his beard again.

Gladio laughed. "You heard him! Camping is the best."

"No. No, Prompto. No. You can't hold him accountable for anything he says under the influence of dick," Noct said.

"Nope. No take-backs."

"Gladiolus, my dear, you're dead wrong," Ignis said, the fingers on Prompto's thigh tracing higher. "Think of all the things we could do to him in a *bed*."

"Alright, Iggy's right."

Ignis hummed happily, nuzzling into Gladio's shoulders. "My favorite words to hear."

Yeah. Camping was, at least, pretty okay.

Author's Note:

yeap. I might need to do some math and determine whether this is the longest sex scene I've ever written bc if it's not, idk what the hell is.